



# The Creative Woman

Quarterly



## Potpourri



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# Autumn 1978

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Cover Photo by Julie Taylor  
BOTTLE, ROPE AND BRUSH

Androgyny: The Unfinished Task  
by Natalie Hayes

How shall we restore balance to human life? The next threshold crossing will be inner, psychological, as men and women learn to integrate the "masculine" and "feminine" aspects of their being.

A change in the way energy is transmitted qualifies for me as a "threshold-crossing". The male separated from the androgynous matrix in evolution first in bacteria which foreshadowed that separation which would appear in creatures of larger size. The effect of this split into two equal and opposite sexes was to wildly expand the gene pool, and Ordovician seas swarmed with a phantasmagoria of organisms of all sizes, shapes, conditions, characteristics.

E. coli and Phylum Brachiopoda were two such thresholds. Copulation is the third, and it did not appear until Permian reptiles. Until that time, all the survival information needed by any creature, microcosmic or macrocosmic such as dinosaurs were simple: to find shelter at the moment of hatching, and to seek food shortly thereafter. Therefore, even a 50' Diplodocus had sufficient intelligence to survive; he had only two tasks to perform. Copulation, as Jacquetta Hawks tells us poetically in A Land added a third task, that of seeking a mate and mating. Thus symbiotically the task developed the brain, and in turn the brain further differentiated the ways to perform the task. From those giant couplings, "all slime and scale" nevertheless evolved Heloise and Abelard.

The next threshold came about 230 million years ago when the first Triassic mammals appeared as mud grubbers, tiny enough to escape predation. For the first time information could be transmitted from one generation to the next. (One could

almost say the female was the first teacher.)

Motherhood, however, evolved too. It did not spring full blown as Madonna and Child, from the dawn of earth time. Even much later, 135 million years ago the Cretaceous tree shrew dropped her young and left them for two or three days returning to squirt milk into their mouths and depart again. The urine smell guided her, and if she didn't locate them instantly she left never to return! But the male was never a relating member of this group until nature experimented with some mammals such as lion, wolf, bear. The biparental family was the masterstroke of evolution. And a truly biparental family exists in birds and has for eons (descendants of dinosaurs), and in wolves, who have developed a kind of ethical system: no male will ever attack a female, a cub or a packmember, no matter what the provocation.

However, beyond that, the male urge to split off is primal, phylogenetic, and it differentiates from a simple organic drive to the search for more and more complex forms. I think of it as one gorgeous line of progression from E. coli and Phylum Brachiopoda to the ancient sun gods and Ra, and the Logos. These are masculine achievements and they symbolize the masculine principle. Primitive man developed rituals to break the "imprint" to the mother: puberty rites and becoming-a-man ceremonies later evolved into the Bar Mitzvah and its Christian counterpart, Confirmation; all primitive cultures still retain this ritual, although in our modern culture we have only vestiges of these. We have left to us only the masculine skills, values and goals which also can function as separative instruments so that the young will be able to free themselves from dependency.

From the father the young learn skills, values and goals, and this frees the libido from childhood. The Industrial Revolution deprived the male

of his five unconscious but fundamental supports: relationship to the earth as farmer, carpenter, stone-mason, miner- (creative relationship, mutually beneficial); to wife as equal partner in the home which formed the foundation of society; to children as teacher, guide and guru, also a symbiotic relationship mutually beneficial; to the community as performer of any function, physician, minister, attorney or craftsman; and to God. The adult male, head of the family was secure in this unconscious, symbiotic network of relationships. He knew his role, as surely as does any tribal drummer or mask maker and chief. When fathers and elder sons departed this natural, evolutionary phenomenon, the Home Base as ecological, biological, spiritual and psychological center which formed actually a mandala, an atavistic, primitive structure reappeared; the all adult, all male, homogeneous group entirely split off from the matrix.

I suggest that what has happened is something of the same thing, today, but on an altogether different level, the psychological level. Today adult males do not teach skills, values and goals to their sons and daughters as a general rule. Many exceptions exist of course, but in general, the male stopped transmitting information first when he entered the industrial machine, and secondly, during the Great Depression. Ridicule, scorn, contempt, indifference are not teaching tools.

They are weapons and they can kill and maim, just as surely as can clubs and whips. There is also paternal deprivation.

Jung has said that the masculine principle means knowing what needs to be done and taking the necessary steps to achieve it. And Irene Claremont de Castillejo said in her book Knowing Woman that the soul of modern woman is still in great distress for it has been left in the uncon-

scious too long. In less metaphysical terms, this means excluded from world cultures, and on all levels, educational, ethical, spiritual and legal. But now something is different. Now it is the soul of woman that struggles upwards. Habet mulier animam? One solemn medieval (male) scholar asked another. The answer was NO! Another modern psychologist even said woman has no soul, she is the soul. What utter rot, to deprive her of her mortality along with her immortality!

But the hero struggles, the male monotheisms carried the male urge to become an individual, to bring forth the mighty jewel of consciousness from the deepest levels of the psyche. Out of the mob came the hierarchy. Out of the hierarchical group emerged the individual. And out of the individual's collective and personal unconscious emerges the ego. It is the male hero who has done this. He truly is the hero, rescuer of humanity from unknowing. But modern man has no feeling of his own; woman has carried it for him all these millenia. No feeling was permitted him. It was effeminate, effete, weak, womanish, disgusting. Overnight modern man must learn to relate on a conscious level. That is his next evolutionary task. The family of man is in big trouble all over the world. What we need is an integration of male and female, Eros and Logos, equal and opposite, shoulder to shoulder instead of eyeball to eyeball, so we can get on with the biggest job of all - to answer the question of the sphinx: What is the meaning of life?



### THE SKYDIVER

His future was the sky. It stretched toward space  
with fingers poised to catch the strands of sun.  
It had a silken strength, which interlaced  
the warp and woof of air and made them one.  
Enveloped in its cloth he felt a king,  
with prescient gaze he dreamed of greater deeds,  
his kinship with the earth developing  
an understanding of its human needs.  
The past was grist of grief. This life to be  
would supplement horizons long denied,  
recipient of sunshined legacy  
he spanned two worlds in joyous, airborne stride.

Helen T. Brown

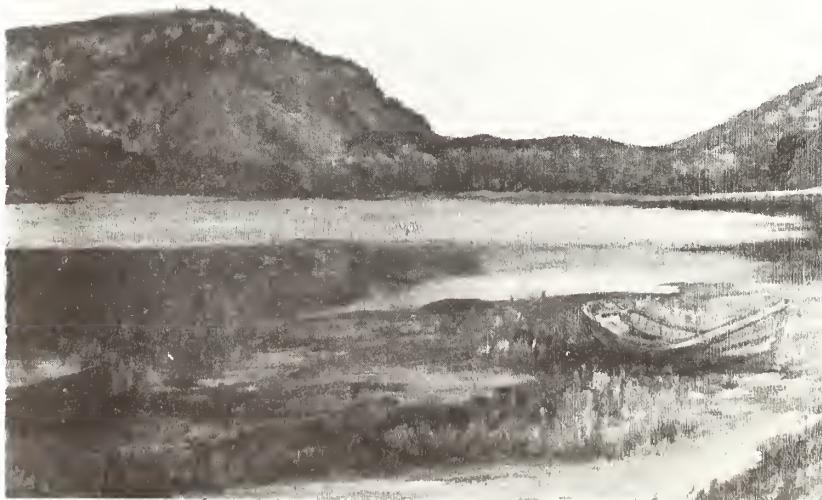
MY MOTHER-A TRADITIONAL WOMAN-  
AND I-AN UNTRADITIONAL WOMAN  
by Rhoda Riley

My mother is a remarkable example of a secure, non-liberated woman. She was brought up to believe that her place was in the home and never tried to dispute it. This, to her mind, was a condition which not only could not be changed, but who would want to change it? After all, women were meant for childbearing and nurturing, and what could be better for that purpose than staying home? But my mother was also an intelligent, creative woman who knew, or learned how to lead her own life, be self-actualizing, encourage my father (a University of Chicago Ph.D. geologist) to do his thing, and permit him to believe that his was the final word in his life as well as hers and ours.

My mother became a community leader, a teacher of many crafts, an example to her many friends, and she did it all from her home. She probably took up her crafts as self-defense against the boredom of being a housewife and then went on to teach others. Her philosophy of life seems to have been to share her knowledge and abilities with others. She taught creative writing, painting, and crafts, of which she is best remembered for weaving. The name Fanny Challis Bretz

is still revered by the weaving guilds of the South Suburbs. In my father's house today hang her paintings-scores of them-crowded on every wall. Every curtain and drapery and bedspread is handwoven, except for those bedspreads which are handquilted or handtufted. People came to her house because she was unable to get out: my father never taught her to drive.

My mother baked bread year round, canned the summer vegetables and made jelly and marmalade in season. She derived satisfaction and served an economic need by economizing on food, raising chickens for the table and breeding dogs to sell, by sewing her clothes and mine and knitting sweaters for the entire family. She went to the city by train at least once a week to attend one class or another at the Art Institute. Writing this, I find myself wondering how in the world she managed to fit so many things into her life. The answer, of course, is that all these activities were not concurrent. She hooked and braided many rugs before she ever took up weaving and never made another rug after the house became overrun with looms. I haven't mentioned her garden-which was a neighborhood showplace. My father constructed her looms for her, did the hard work in the garden, and praised her for her industry and ability.



MESSINGER SHORE,  
DEVILS LAKE  
by Fanny Challis  
Bretz

I started out my married life in 1938. During my period of active motherhood I didn't work. By the time my second and last child was in school, I was back at work. I worked in an electronics plant, took advantage of the union apprentice program and worked up to the position of electronics technician. I keep a motorcycle; it is a symbol of my independence. I don't ride it often, but just to know that it is there and that I can go off with the wind in my hair is worth a lot! What I do these days is to care for my aged father, cook three meals a day, keep the house and garden, cut wood for the fireplace, make jelly, sew, and teach crafts when I can get away.

I work part time at a program for senior citizens. Photography seems

to be my speed. I can read the dials, mix the chemicals, feel a good picture and understand what I am doing.

I am not as traditional a woman as my mother yet I am continuing in her example of creative expression. In photography I have found a medium of expression which is contemporary. Using my own talent and today's technology I express my impressions of the beauties of nature. My mother, the traditional woman artist, provided me with the background that has allowed me to be a non-traditional woman artist.

Because I'm caring for my father, my movement is somewhat restricted. I'm a little worried about losing out on some of my life. I don't want to waste any of it! Am I liberated?



FEATHER AND STONE by Rhoda Riley



The  
Graphic  
Designer  
by  
Suzanne  
Oliver

When Helen asked me what I would like to contribute to this particular issue, seeing as how it was concerning art and I am an artist; I was at a loss and embarrassed about it. Here am I the graphic designer for each issue of the Creative Woman Quarterly and I have no artwork to submit. Can that be?

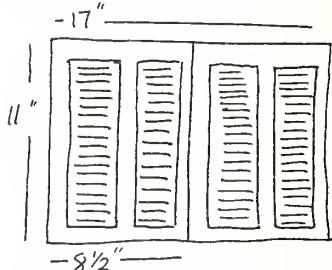
However after some thought; I had what the art director here calls, a creative breakthrough! Why not explain to our readers what I, as a graphic designer, do for the Creative Woman? Lots of people are confused about the words graphic and design; in brief they tend to think I do all the drawings that you see in the Creative Woman. That is not true.

My job is to take all the copy after editing, and whatever artwork that has been previously submitted, put it in an order (agreed upon by the staff) and make it look beautiful. Where there are holes in the copy I try to come up with a graphic that is relevant and appealing. Helen

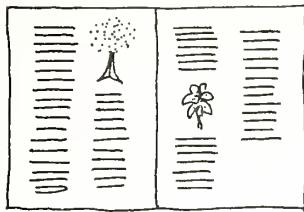
is excellent about helping me with this; she's always coming up with some little drawing she's found somewhere. Sometimes I do an original drawing; sometimes we use clip art (artwork already copyrighted for release). Occasionally our readers send us things they have drawn, which we love.

To make matters as easy as possible the Creative Woman is pasted up on pre-printed paste-up sheets. They look something like this....

The pre-printed lines are in a light blue ink



that falls out or disappears when photographed. They are simply there to aid the artist in pasting up. I take the copy that is typed on regular 8 1/2" x 11" typing paper, run it through a waxing machine that leaves a thin coat of wax on the back and lay it down on the page. Sometimes it is possible to lay the whole two column typed sheet down, but usually there are insertions or changes to be made. It is my decision how to lay out each individual page; where to cut the copy to insert a graphic or photograph, or how to allow for a pleasing space.



One of the things I have tried not to do is just stick in some cutsey graphic everytime there's some space

left over. One of the biggest responsibilities for the designer to learn is how to use space effectively.

Oftentimes the artwork we have is the wrong size so I must enlarge or reduce, whichever the case, by the use of a photostat machine. Then that artwork is waxed and layed out in the proper space.

Occassionally I use rub-off lettering to set type for the headlines you see, such as the title of each individual issue. Because we are on a rather tight schedule I try to do the Creative Woman paste-up in 1-2 days; we cut corners wherever we can. Many paste-up jobs of newsletters and journals of 20 pages take up to 1 week. Obviously the more time you spend the more elaborate and creative the publication can become.

When I take the paste-up to our printer, the pages must be camera ready, in other words our printer simply has to shoot (photograph) the artwork to make his metal plate and start printing. The possible exception is if we include photographs in the issue.

All photographs must be screened. Sometimes designers might perform this task but we do not have the facility here, so we let the printer do that.

The decision of color for paper is made by the staff in general, everyone seems to have pretty strong feelings about what color of paper they want.

I have discovered that by taking the Creative Woman to the printer myself, carrying it in my own two hands, both our lives have been made a lot easier. It



is of the utmost importance for the designer and the printer to understand each other completely. I make sure before I leave his office that he has no more questions and that he knows he may call me at any point should something arise.

It is extremely discouraging to submit artwork for printing and receive something in return you barely recognize as your own. And believe me it happens.

At this point then, the designer's job is done. Now I must wait patiently for the results; with a silent prayer I might add.

A LOVELY PLACE ON CEDAR STREET  
by Shirley Katz

A brick walkway and a side courtyard with flowers, trees and a few tables set off the neat and graceful home of the Cedar Street Gallery and Cafe in Santa Cruz, California.

Inside the doorway is a wooden plaque which reads "Built in 1865. An excellent example of Gothic Revival architecture. Santa Cruz Historical Society."

The gallery walls are white; the floors and stairways natural wood. Paintings hang uncrowded on the walls. Upstairs are more paintings, small sculpture, weavings and fine pottery.

"Italian specialties" are served in the courtyard or the back rooms. The rooms are bright. The food is delicious and nicely presented on handmade dishes.

Gwen Shupe and Mary Helen Chappell, who restored the house and created the lovely setting, are justly proud (and a bit amazed) at the results of their courage, vision and hard work. As Gwen says, "I can hardly believe we did it. You should have seen the place! It was a dark and dismal wreck."

Stop in at the Cedar Street Gallery. And tell these two creative women that you read about them in The Creative Woman.



## CEDAR STREET GALLERY & CAFE

411 Cedar Street   Santa Cruz, California 95060

## About this issue:

Readers who expected to read about "Politics and the Study of Politics" in this issue may look for the topic to surface again for Volume III, No. 1 in Summer 1979. Sara Shumer has agreed to continue to read papers submitted on this topic. We encourage you to send material on this very important issue.

Our Potpourri has been assembled from articles, letters, photographs, a painting, an idea, a poem, that had not quite fit into earlier topical issues. It's interesting how things come together. As the issue took shape we could see connections.

Natalie Hayes, our most prolific correspondent, wrote a many-paged answer to the "Letter from Doug" (Vol. I, No. 2) which has been excerpted here as the lead article, "Androgyny: the Unfinished Task".

Speaking to the League of American Penwomen recently at the Chicago Cultural Center, we had the opportunity to meet Helen Brown, President of the Poets Club of Chicago. She writes this about her poem Skydiver (page 5) "It is not the daredevil thrill that attracts young people. It is: The rigid discipline engendered in layering the parachute so that it unfolds to perfection; the target on the ground that is an incentive to reach; the group consciousness of the operation, not only the camaraderie, but the sharing of responsibility; and last, but certainly not least, the physical sensations of floating down, not diving, as the name implies. It is a feeling of gratification, rather than that of euphoria, which implies lack of restraint.

Rather than a means of death, for despondent persons, it is a new



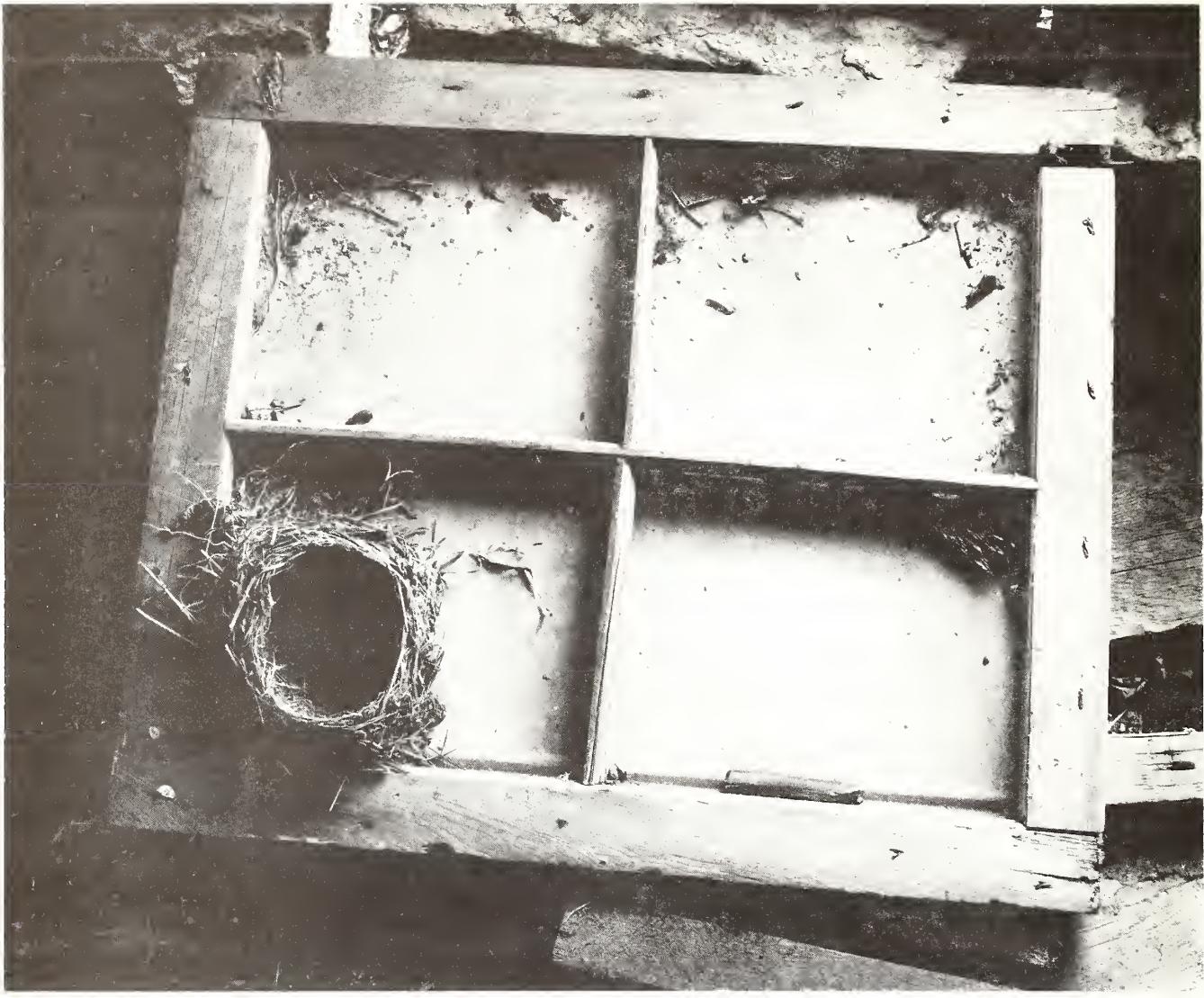
way of life. The participants long for the next "jump". This is a serious encounter with a new dimension, primarily for the young. A physical descent of thousands of feet in three minutes entails change of blood pressures, strain on the heart and circulation. It is a one for one encounter with elemental forces of life."

Rhoda Riley, a local photographer and Suzanne Oliver, our graphic designer, both identified with The Creative Woman from the first issue, here share their different perspectives on the creative process as they experience it. More photographs by our prize-winning Julie Taylor appear. And our new editorial assistant, Lynn Thomas Strauss, contributes a review of Women of Crisis.

We are a quarterly in constant flux. The editorial office is nicknamed "the launching pad" for the ways in which women come through these doors, contribute for a while something of their essential uniqueness, then blast off to greener fields and greater challenges. New ideas and new women continually refresh our efforts. This is what we are all about.

The Winter 1979 issue will deal with Communications with Dr. Young Kim as guest editor. Spring 1979 will be on Feminism as an intellectual corrective to scholarship, and Dr. Harriet Gross invites women of all disciplines to write to us: what is distinctive or different about the way women do scholarship in your field?

As we enter our next period of growth and definition as a quarterly of general interest to women who are engaged in the liberation of their creative energies, we remind you that you, our subscribers, are essential to our continued survival. Write a check now for five dollars and send us your renewal. Write a check for twenty dollars and remember your friends with a gift for the holidays.



BIRD'S NEST ON WINDOW  
by Julie Taylor

Is this a letter to the future?  
Or is it a relic of the past?

Suzanne Prescott is working on a project to create an archeology now for the women of the future to discover. What would you put in a time capsule for our daughters' daughters?

Send your ideas to the editorial office of The Creative Woman.



WOMEN OF CRISIS by Robert Coles and Jane Hallowell Coles. Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 1978.

This book is first and foremost a sharing of the lives of five contemporary American women. Deep connections exist among these women who have never met, for they all are touched by visions of transcendence and nightmares of terror. They all dream vividly and often, day dreams as well as night dreams. It is the stuff of these dreams that so clearly affirms that the life of a poor hardworking woman is apart from and different than the life of a poor hardworking man.

As in Robert Coles' earlier Pulitzer Prize winning series, Children of Crisis, Women of Crisis is a narrative drawn from the intensive observation and study of individuals. Because it is a consideration of people rather than of a problem, in order to acquaint you with the book, I must introduce you to the women whose stories are here so powerfully told.

First we meet Ruth James, a migrant farm worker who's earliest memories are of crawling after her mother down the long dusty rows of vegetables and who hated most the hot bumpy ride on the migrant bus. While constantly moving from one end of Florida to the other she dreamed of saving money and getting a job in a beauty parlor, having a little house that would be only a short walk from the beauty parlor and never going on the road again.

Ruth gained insight from what she saw in the lives of the women around her, and although her range of choice was limited she recognized that she did indeed have some choices to make. She chose to be alone,

to be different. In order to avoid the responsibilities of children, she chose not to marry and to exclude men from her life. She never left Florida nor worked in a beauty parlor, but she did leave the fields and gain a measure of independence and comfort.

Hannah Morgan, a woman of Harlan County, Appalachia is now living in Dayton, Ohio working in a supermarket. She remembers as a child that everyone believed that if you left the hollow, left the mountains of Kentucky, then you became lost. She knows she is not lost, but still after all these years in the city she thinks of the mountains as her home.

Even as a girl Hannah was given to vivid, confusing, unnerving dreams and as an adult she has experienced moments when "everything seemed about to fall apart."

While traveling to work on the bus she notices and becomes curious about women in better circumstances. What would it be like, she thinks, to live in that big house, to have a car, to stay at home all day? Her teenage daughter also dreams of a different life, and in living through her daughter's adolescence, Hannah is changed and finds she cannot get back to her old self.

We are next introduced to Teresa Torres, one of six children of a Mexican farm workers' family now living in San Antonio, Texas. She early understood the significance of the message she'd always heard, "your whole life depends on your husband". As a married woman she moved into her husband's home eventually giving birth to two sons who also shared that one small bedroom. She had no friend, only brothers and sisters, and brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, and cousins and more cousins.

As a teenager she had bad dreams, dreams filled with terror and

humiliation. She also had a powerful and confusing experience in the form of an opportunity or temptation to work for good money in an illegal enterprise. She rejected the offer, but held onto the vision of hope and escape that grew out of that event. As an adult she says, "sometimes I wish I could fight. I'd be a good fighter, once I got my courage up. But now, I'm afraid."

Moving from Texas to Alaska we meet Lorna, the only daughter of an Eskimo family. She was closer to her father than any of her six brothers, for as she says, "father and I shared a similar spirit". She worked with him doing carpentry and repairs from about the age of seven on.

She was, even as a child, her own kind of person and was always regarded by others as strange. She was quiet and alone and believed that the spirits of some of the Eskimo women who used to live in the village were asking her to stand up and speak for them.

Because she was unlike other women and yet not a man, she occupied a unique position in her village and ultimately led the women to break with tradition and participate in an activity that had previously been inaccessible to them.

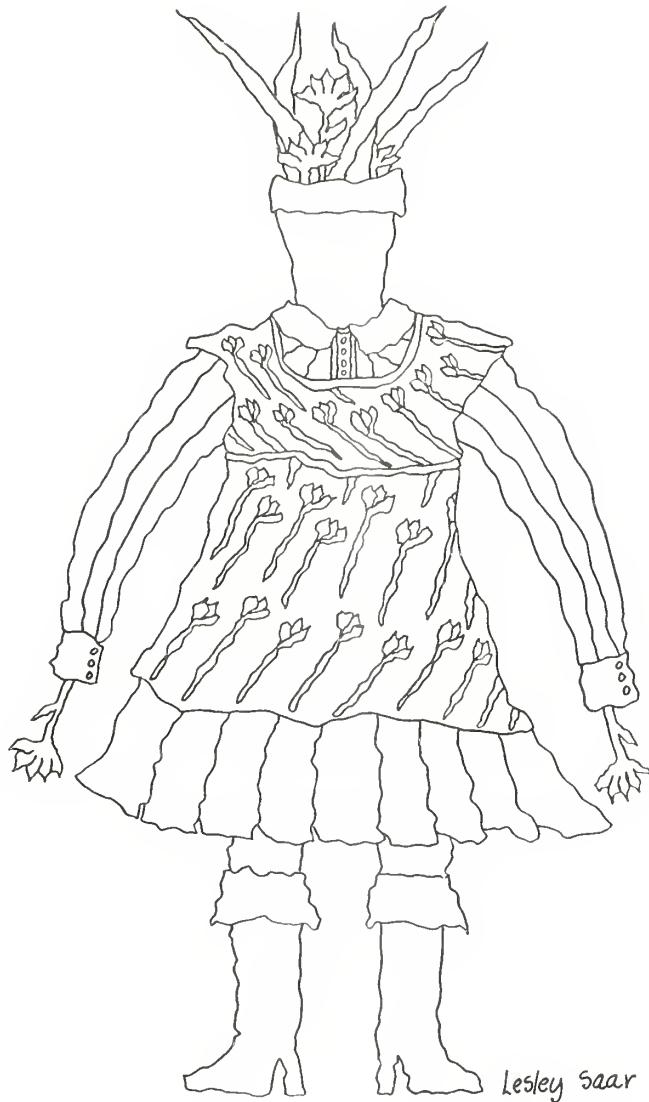
The last woman we meet is Helen, a white woman from a Boston "streetcar suburb" who has worked for a long time in the home of a prominent well-off Cambridge family. Helen knows the family she works for very well and she sees many things. She sees that in spite of advantage, comfort and privilege, "the missus" is not at peace with herself. That although "the missus" works hard for women's rights within the women's movement, her consciousness doesn't extend to those who do the menial work in her own home.

Working for this woman everyday, who is the same age and race, Helen experiences more than anger, scorn and prejudice, she also sees similarities and there are moments when the two women come rather close to each other. At times her employer will be upset and tell Helen of a problem she's having with her daughter, or Helen will see that, although she is working for equal rights, her employer does not speak to her husband in the same way she speaks to others. With her husband, she speaks softer and sometimes pretends to be a little dumb. As Helen puts it, "she's no different from any other woman, she uses her wiles when she needs to."

Like the other women of this book, Helen has a notion of transcendence. She refers to her "spirit" and to the "bad side" of her "soul". By this she means that at times she has wished to be a man, and has dreamed of being rich and waited on by others. But if transcendence eludes these women they continue to hope and wait and survive. Their strength and courage is evidenced in their struggle to persist, to get by, to keep going.

The Coleses have presented an insightful look at the ambiguity of sex roles in our society. They have shown that for poor women engaged in a daily struggle for survival the enemy is a given social order, an economic system, but also a certain number of men. They have articulated important issues of sex and class. And as part of the Radcliffe biography series, Women of Crisis serves as a reflection of the lives of particular women, as a tribute to them and a tool with which we can deepen our understanding of them and of ourselves.

Lynn Thomas Strauss



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